





# PROPHET OF SAINTON

By W. B. TYNDALL.

Sainton is a Welsh mining village which coils across the brow of a hill and looks down into a deep valley. The hill forms one of a cluster which holds between its guarded feet an oblong of level land, broken up by water courses and mine workings and covered by numerous buildings of blackened stone. To stand a little way out of the High street and gaze downward amid the shadows of an autumnal evening is to get a glimpse of the inferno. In all directions below are darting out of the misty air broad red tongues of fire which tell of parent chimneys buried in thick shrouds of smoke of their own making.

One such evening in late autumn a woman passed out of the turmoil of the valley and began to climb an abrupt footpath which led up the hill toward Sainton. The white dress of the wayfarer contrasting with the black hillside showed her creeping up the hill like a shadow, and it was possible to see in the brighter darts of furnace fire which now and again illumined the night that she carried a bundle in her arms which must have doubled the labor of the ascent. Yet she bore her burden with patience and ease, sometimes pausing to see that it was safe rather than for any rest so short a stay could give her. At last she reached a place upon the hill where the path grew level for a short space across the plateau of an abandoned working.

"Heaven help me!" she cried, her voice shrill and tremulous with anger, "and marm him if—No! not yet! There is yet a chance. I have still a hope. Aye! then a blessing, not a curse."

With a sudden revulsion of feeling the solitary wayfarer bent her head down over the child and broke into a fit of weeping. The tears seemed to be the complement of her spasmodic anger, for with their flow her louder cries at once ceased.

A closer acquaintance with Sainton is disappointing. To climb up to it on such a night as this is to find an ill lighted street of rough cobblestones between two straggling rows of squalid houses.

In the last of these houses, which stood somewhat withdrawn from its fellows upon the north side of the village, there dwelt a man who was at that time well known not only in Sainton, but through all the country around from the north to the south of the principality. Unlike others who are held in reputation in their own country this man was a prophet. That is to say, he was one of those barbs and seers whom the Welsh peasant, imbued like all Celts with a strong sense of racial purity, loves to see the representative of a shadowy and by tradition magnificent past. But this man was more than a minister and soothsayer. He was counselor and medicine man, and his practice extended much farther than the immediate district around Sainton. People came from far up the Rhondda valley and the villages about Neath to explain their ailments to him and to ask his advice.

Tonight a bright flood of light streamed from the bay window of Eglinoeg's house, comfortably contrasting with the dim illumination of the rest of Sainton. He sat at the table in his little parlor scanning and correcting the setting of a Welsh song which he had been arranging for the harp. The instrument itself stood upon a pedestal of honor at the side of the room. Upon the surface of its gilded case was marked in black lettering a record of the contests which it had won for Eglinoeg.

The task of which the bard was employed had almost reached its completion, and he was about to try the result upon the harp, when the door was thrown roughly open, and a woman rushed into the room.

Eglinoeg instinctively rose and put out his hand toward a loaded stick which hung upon the wall, but a look at the intruder arrested his gesture half way. The bright light shone upon a face of unusual beauty. It was very pale now and dripping with sweat, while the long, black hair, damp from the fog, hung close about it, and the mouth was contorted with labored efforts for breath. Yet for all that this face was remarkable in its loveliness. It was the face of a Sybil or of Cassandra as Romney painted her, with her dark locks streaming and her wild eyes full open in the ecstasy of useless prophecy. Coming thus out of the darkness of the night, this woman seemed a fit visitant to the prophet, but Eglinoeg looked startled at her appearance.



EGLINOEG LOOKED STARTLED AT HER APPEARANCE.

"Elsie!" he cried. "Elsbeth Vaughan! For heaven's sake, what is it with you? Why is it that you have come to me in this way?"

He took the child from her, and drawing toward him a chair with a hollow, bent seat to serve as a rude cradle, he placed the child in it and began to undo the coverings with which it was closely swathed. The woman bent down by his shoulder watching what he did until he told her that she must stand away from him. Then she drew off a few feet and remained with her hands clasped together, a picture of distress.

As soon as he had uncovered the face of the child, the doctor was startled to

see that one side of it was incriminated with blood, which was still oozing from a wound near the temple. He took out his handkerchief and wiped away the thickened blood as best he could. Then he bent close to the wound and examined it with an anxious scrutiny.

"Who has done this?" he said. "It was down by the mine," the woman answered. "Somebody pushed me, and I fell."

"That is a lie, Elsie. Again I ask you, who has done this?"

"It was the drink," she answered simply. "Elsie, Elsie," the doctor said, "will you never have done with these wild ways—this wild and reckless life?"

The woman stood for a few moments with her chin upon her breast and her hands clasped in front of her, making no answer. Then she suddenly raised her head and looked, with a quick, piercing gaze, straight into the doctor's face. "Is it for you to complain?" she said. "The doctor was silent. He bent his head lower over the child, while the blood rushed into his face, ebbed and left it for a moment deathly pale. The woman stood looking at him half sorrowfully, as if she regretted to make use of a power which she knew she possessed, as he sponged the crusted blood from the wound and laid round the little head a bandage of herbs. All the time the child made neither sound nor movement. It did not seem to breathe. There was no sign that the life still lurked within its veins.

The doctor put his ear to the small white lips. The woman watched him in agony and glared into his face as he raised his head.

"Was this the child?" he asked. "It is he," the woman made answer, turning her half frantic gaze from the doctor's face to the little motionless body. "It is he—flesh of your flesh, blood of your blood, Eglinoeg—it is he! Oh, save him, save him!"

"Ah, Elsie," he went on, "why have you broken your word? Why have you returned, bringing sorrow to me and to yourself? Two years ago you went away promising to be seen here no more. I gave you money, and I warned you when you went that it would be ill for you and for me if ever you forsook your oath and came back—sorrow and shame for us both. My word was truth. It is ill for us—all for you and ill for me. Who can tell for which of us the most?"

The woman made no answer, but she understood what he said, and she understood how to elude the look which was upon his face. His words seemed to break the power which held her spell-bound. She threw herself upon her knees by the small cradle and burst into a flood of passionate tears, putting her hands over the child's face and crying her lamentations over it until the cottage resounded with the sharp agonized sound of her voice.

At length, through the dark grief which tore the poor woman's heart, there seemed to struggle once yet a last glimmering hope. She left the child, and groveling along the ground upon her knees put up her hands and took hold of the hem of Eglinoeg's coat.

"Gwna yndreoch, Furd Duw, Eglinoeg," she said in Welsh—"do that which is in your power, bard of God. It is my last hope, but it will not be allowed to fail. Try it, as you loved me in the time of which I dare not think, as you should love it which has gone. Try it. With good faith he will be brought back to me."

The bard knew what she meant. It was the last resource of his mysticism which she invoked, and its power was traditional, legendary, scarcely to be believed in by himself, to whom this final desperate beseeching was addressed.

Back in the far years, when everyday life moved on its way through shadows of mystery and wonder, when magic was an element of existence and faith was the lever of mountains, it was said that the gift which was now invoked by this last passionate hope of despair first came within human power through a miracle wrought by a man both great and holy. A prince's son lay dying. All that was known to arts of those unlearned days had been done for him, and when the resources of their simple medicine were exhausted there had been called in the aid of magic.

Even while he grew cold in the death chamber, while the head woman crossed his hands upon his breast and the lesser women knelt around the bed shrieking their keening cries, there had come a man bearing a harp upon his shoulders to the castle gates.

When they heard his errand, they would have turned him from the castle with scoffing, but that the prince, bowed with sorrow and scarcely knowing whether he went, had chanced to pass that way and catching in his despair at the wildest wail of hope had then let the strange harper in. He marched at once to the death chamber and turning the women out remained alone with the corpse of the prince's dead son. Soon the listeners without heard the sounds of the harp half muffled by the closed door which intervened between them and the player, and his voice rising and falling in an air like to which his wildness and weirdness they had never heard any strain before.

Many times repeated, the unusual harmony grew and waned in the silence of the deathroom, until at last, when the hope of the prince had turned to anger and he was for breaking in the door to put a stop to the miserably experiment, the music died away in a sudden broken note of joy, and there were heard sounds behind that darkened threshold which made the listeners pause and the heart of the prince bound in his throat. And in this there was no wonder, for the voice which they had heard, the voice which had at last made answer to the long appeal of the strange harper, was the voice of the prince's dead son.

Eglinoeg, in the midst of his triumphs of sound and sight, of the adulations of the people, and of the honors heaped upon him, had been the most anxious to try which he could of the music which he had heard in the deathroom. He had called back to the child when it was

passed to that bourne whence there is no return.

The bard plucked his coat out of the woman's clutch and looked at her long and earnestly.

"Gwna yndreoch, Furd Duw!" she reiterated. "Bard of God, try it. It is my last hope."

Could he dare, now that the crisis of action was upon him, to arrogate to himself such a power? The very attempt at the miracle seemed profanity. Would not some terrible blow fall upon him and for such audacity kill him where he stood? He looked at the child in its cradle upon the chair—the motionless marble face, scarcely contrasting with the white wrappings with which it was swathed, gave him no hope of success. He let his gaze wander from it until his eyes fell upon the golden harp with the black engraving of its triumphs, and as he looked upon it there swept into his heart a keen romantic desire to outvie all his former victories by winning a contest of which the prize was a human life. The inspiration began to take hold of him. If he succeeded, or if he failed, it was for her and not for himself that he would have made the attempt. He put forth his hand toward the instrument, and at the gesture the woman let her hands fall to her sides.

"Furd Duw," she reiterated. "Furd Duw."

He understood her meaning, and entering an inner closet came forth again in the full dignity of his bardic robes. Then Elsie Vaughan rose and placed the carved throne of the bard at the foot of the child, who throughout these fantastic preparations had given no sign of life. She removed herself to a little distance and stood with her arms crossed upon her breast in an attitude of motionless resignation, which her fevered cheeks, her blazing eyes and the quick rise and fall of her bosom showed to be assumed. The doctor, or, to drop such a title where the treatment had gone beyond the most extravagant quackery, the robed bard, took his harp and let his hands wander over the strings in a few preliminary notes.



TOOK HIS HARP AND LET HIS HANDS WANDER OVER THE STRINGS.

Eglinoeg was a great harper. As he began the mythical legend of the prince's dead son, the instrument wailed and spoke in unison with his voice like a skillfully played violin. Never in all the inspiring contests of the Eisteddfod had he played with such verve as now in the silent presence of this woman and of the child who lay motionless between him and her. With a sudden pause the sound of the harp and the ringing voice ceased. That solemn moment had come when the chieftains, gathered outside the chamber of the prince's son, had heard his voice awakening from its sleep. The harper and Elsie Vaughan looked eagerly at the face of the child. Eglinoeg thought that he saw a momentary flush of pink pass across its marble whiteness, like a faint shadow of life, but if it were indeed so the sign came and went like a shadow, leaving no trace behind. With despair in his heart he broke forth into that song of triumph which told in the original legend of the completion of the miracle and ended in a succession of falling notes.

Eglinoeg looked at the child, and across its body at Elsie Vaughan. The attempt had failed. The power, which in the shadowy days had wrought the wonder, was fled forever or had passed into some purer heart than his. There was a pause, in which the stillness of the room and of the sleeping world outside grew oppressive.

What would that woman say when he had wrangled so bitterly and who stood there so still with her stricken face? What would she do? It seemed as if hope or despair had chosen her into one. At last Elsie Vaughan advanced, and reaching over the cradle raised the child and went out toward the door. She turned and looked back at the woman who lay in the death chamber, and then she turned and looked back at the woman who lay in the death chamber, and then she turned and looked back at the woman who lay in the death chamber.

He more than once Eglinoeg tried to approach her, but she seemed to regard him with especial fear, and fled as soon as he heard his footsteps.

As the years had passed since that strange scene in his cottage, no retribution outside his own conscience had come to him. His reputation had grown, and his name was known more widely than it had been then. Everything he touched had prospered. The Eisteddfod had prospered, and from being mere gatherings of peasants they had become fashionable institutions, supported by the money of the gentry and even honored more than once by the presence of royalty. In the larger conditions the bard of Sainton had maintained his supremacy over all rivals. It seemed now that the power of the man whose spirit he had once invoked had indeed descended upon him.

has gone from me, and I shall be no more seen."

But Eglinoeg was mistaken. In the dark night outside something had happened of which he had not known. Scarcely had the cold wind of the hill blown against the face of the child than it awoke from its attitude of swoon, and uttered a low cry, clutching with weak fingers at its mother's breast. At the unexpected sound Elsie Vaughan staggered and came near to falling, but she quickly recovered and set off at a run through the straggling houses upon the ridge toward the main street of the village.

On the morning after this strange interview the bard of Sainton awoke with a heavy heart. His power was gone. In a few hours, he reflected, his sin would be known. He could see already the change in the faces of the country people as they looked at him.

These bitter reflections were cut short by a loud knocking. Had the time already come? Eglinoeg walked to the door and threw it open. Upon the threshold stood a breathless messenger, who begged him to come with all speed. A woman and child lay very ill at one of the beehouses in the village. With out immediate aid one or both of them must die. The doctor went hurriedly forth on what his dazed mind told him would be his last errand of mercy.

He had come to the determination that when his fall was known he would leave the place where he had labored all his life, and in his own bitter words on the previous night he had more than once said that he would never return. When an hour afterward he came forth from the beehouse, his whole appearance was changed. The gloom had passed from his face; he walked with the assured step of a man who in the midst of danger had found an unassailable path to safety.

Within the noisome hovel to which he had been called the doctor had found Elsie Vaughan and her child lying side by side upon a pallet bed. A glance had told him that the child had passed out of the insensibility which even to himself had seemed to be death. But with the mother it was otherwise. The strain and despair of the night had broken her down. She lay tossing in a state of semiconsciousness, yet ever striving with a care, pathetic in the midst of her own suffering, not to touch nor disturb the child.

As he walked home across the hill he pondered what the end would be of the unexpected triumph which he found himself. An hour ago ruin seemed to be looking in his face. Now all the road led to safety. If Elsie died, he would profit for the child at a distance, and the danger of discovery would never arise. If she lived, would she not be bound to him by a strong bond of gratitude for having restored to her the child which had seemed to be dead? He knew her well enough to be sure that her superstitious nature would regard the event of the previous night as a miracle wrought by some supernatural power which he had inherited. But he had himself no such delusion.

The agony which he had passed through a few hours ago lifted the curtain of sham with which he had surrounded his life and had given him a glimpse of reality and truth, already fading away as he began to regain his old assurance. He knew that the child could only leave him a woman so deep as to seem to him that a hour of sudden agitation to be death itself. Nature, it was who had revealed the little fellow to life, and not Eglinoeg, the bard, with his numbing tales, his twanged harp and wild assumption of occult power.

Elsie Vaughan died. She slept slowly back to life, and the difference from Eglinoeg's calculation was that, though she lived, she never recovered her reason. At first it seemed as if she had only escaped from death to the living grave of an asylum, but gradually the more violent symptoms of her madness passed away, and she fell into that pathetic condition which receives from the country people the kindly epithet of imbecile. Yet she was not altogether imbecile. The worldly practical side of her brain was blotted out forever, but the wild and romantic remained and was concentrated upon her child. Her delusion led her to separate herself and him from that human companionship from which she had suffered so much. She found a deserted and half ruined hut upon the hillside.

Around this solitary dwelling she re-claimed by her own labor and afterward, as his strength grew, by her son's aid a patch of the hillside large enough to supply the vegetables on which they chiefly subsisted. Sometimes she was forced to appear in the village, and her meagre yet beautiful appearance together with the affliction which had befallen her easily obtained from the charitable whatever she required. But more often she was seen at a distance from Sainton, wandering among the wildest and least frequented parts of the hills or standing with her child clinging to her dress upon the plateau near her hut, where she had roamed during the ascent to the prophet's house.

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made her sudden appearance in that room.

While he idly turned over the leaves of his book, the interview in that room 20 years ago came back vividly to him. He thought how differently he and Elsie had fared, and what mercy through her sufferings had been vouchsafed to himself. His remorse, which to do him justice had for a time caused him real suffering, now sat lightly upon him and gave just a tincture of sadness to his reflections. After all, it seemed to him that the woman's life, in spite of her affliction, had not been unhappy—happier indeed than if the child had died—and she in the first wild prompting of passion had for her vengeance encompassed his ruin.

A step, sounding distinctly in the exterior silence, was upon the gravel path which led from the garden gate to the porch of his cottage, and Eglinoeg knew whose that hurried footfall was. He had no time to recover from his surprise when the door flung brusquely open and he saw Elsie Vaughan standing before him. Bent, haggard and weather-beaten, with a certain vacancy in her wild eyes, yet handsome still, Elsie formed a strange contrast to the man who stood staring at her altogether astonished and half terrified. With her life had dealt less roughly, but advancing him along the road toward a sleek and prosperous old age, had whitened his hair and lengthened his beard.

"Furd Duw," she said.

The sound startled him. It was the first time he had heard her speak for 20 years, and her words carried him at once back to that other scene when he was so near the abyss.

"Bard of God, they must not go down tomorrow. Do you tell them. You they will believe; me they would laugh to scorn. There is danger. I can see it. Not a man must go down tomorrow. Tell them, Furd Duw. I lay it upon you."

The thrilling voice ceased, the door closed, and he was alone. So quick had she come and gone that he could scarcely believe that he had seen more than a phantom raised before his eyes by his too vivid memory. But at his feet there lay a leaf which had blown through the open door. He stooped and picked up this silent evidence of Elsie's presence and stood thinking while he rolled and crumpled it between his fingers. The leaf had crumbled into infinitesimal dust which was sprinkled over the floor before he moved.

"Nay, after all, what can she know?" he said at length. "A mad woman's word and a passing whim, which is the most worst? Why should I delay my journey? We are safe here, and it is important that I should go to the meeting tomorrow. I will be the dupes of no such folly."

The morning was bright and fresh as the bard set forth upon his journey. A wind had risen in the night and carried off the damp mist which had hung so long about Sainton. The pure air and renewed landscape drove away whatever thoughts yet lingered in his heart of Elsie's warning. In that cloudless blue sky which made the hills seem low and familiar to him there seemed no room for danger. Eglinoeg traveled in patriarchal fashion, riding upon a donkey, while his servant, who was his groom at home and his benchman abroad, trod close at his heels with the harp upon his shoulders.

Suddenly the ground all around trembled with a sudden shock of earthquake, and a dead, sullen boom rolled slowly along the valley and reverberated among the hills like prolonged and distant thunder. Both man and master knew what had happened. The one letting fall the harp upon the stunted heather, the other sliding down from the back of the donkey, they together turned and looked back toward Sainton.

Over the valley among the hills there stood a column of vapor which was neither the smoke of the furnaces nor a fresh gathering of mist, but playing out at the top into a rough circle hung in the clear air like the perpetual cloud over a volcano. They were two or three miles from Sainton, but they could see men and women pouring from the cottages in the valley immediately below them and rushing along the road toward that overhanging cloud. Eglinoeg looked down for a moment and then followed their example, running as best he could along the winding path across the hills, while his servant went by the side of him, master and saved him more than once when he was nearly falling.

But the bard was an old man, and it was long before he tottered wearily into the valley below the village and approached the great crowd of people which surrounded the pit where the disaster had occurred. They made a way through their ranks when they saw his white beard and leaver cap, and he was soon at the mouth of the shaft. The clang of the engine working the ventilating fans at double pressure emphasized the silence of the men and women, who stood with white faces, not knowing yet what to expect or how much to fear. Perhaps the explosion had not been so very severe. A party of rescuers had already made their way down the shaft, and the cage was just preparing to descend with another batch of the brave fellows.

Eglinoeg, not knowing why, but perhaps because he was so used to taking a foremost place among his people in Sainton, stretched out his hand to put aside a man who was just entering the cage and took the dangerous seat himself. His brain was in a whirl as he descended, keeping, like his companions, his hand over his mouth, through the smoke and flying grit.

This was a pit which had always been easy to work. The shaft, which was not deep, terminated in a cleared circle, whence radiated in all directions passages and galleries, which pierced the heart of the hill by easy gradients. This open space was encroached upon now by a blinding and pungent smoke which issued from one of the narrower and steeper gullies. It was there that the explosion had taken place, and Eglinoeg heard the falling and passing through the gathered crowd of miners that the coal was on fire toward the end of the

passage. He stood for a time at a loss, not knowing what to say or do, until the wall of smoke opened abruptly in front of him, and a figure reeled out of it and clutched him by the arm.

"He is there, Furd Duw," a voice said, hissing the words into his ear. "He is there. Help once more."

Eglinoeg looked with a shudder full into the eyes of Elsie Vaughan. He could not tell how she came to be there with her clutch upon his arm. Perhaps she had forced her way into the first batch of rescuers, or obeying her own presentiment of danger, had been lurking in some passage of the mine in the hope of warning her son, who was at work in the pit, and was herself a survivor of the explosion. But with her words his hesitation went from him. It seemed as if their positions were changed and that the influence which he had long ago exercised over her had passed from himself to her. Shaking off some hand which was held out to stop him, he brushed through the crowd of men, and holding for guidance to the woman's skirt he disappeared into the darkness.

A silence fell upon the men who had been whispering together in groups. Several would have pressed forward, but it was useless to sacrifice life in such a desperate attempt. Far above them they could hear the clanking of the engines sounding faintly and the rush and whirr of the ventilating fans. Before long the way might become clearer and possible to follow. At present they could only wait, hoping for some message from the darkness and believing that their hopes were in vain. Yet presently there fell upon their ears, faint at first and seemingly distant, but gradually coming nearer, the sounds of footsteps. They could tell that whoever was coming toward them was making slow and difficult progress. The footfall grew faint sometimes, and once died away altogether, but gradually the sound became more distinct and was accompanied at intervals by a harsh, grunting cough, and continually by the noise of a deep, sobbing breath.

In this suspense two of the men could restrain themselves no longer. They dashed into the thick curtain of smoke and reappeared after an interval, supporting Eglinoeg between them.

The bard looked very different now from when, not more than two hours ago, he was ambling tranquilly over the hills. His white hair and beard were turned black by a coating of soot and grit, his dress was torn and smoking, the beaver mask cap had fallen from his head, and his eyes were protruding from their sockets in the severity of his exertion. But he still grappled a burden, which he half supported, half dragged, in seeming unconsciousness of the presence of the two men who had come to his assistance and were holding him on either side. That burden was the same which a score of years before Elsie Vaughan had borne tenderly and breathlessly up the hill path to the doctor's cottage at Sainton. The man who lay senseless at his feet had been the child who had lain so motionless and seemingly without life between himself and Elsie, when he had revived that wild creature which had been wrought on the prince's dead son.

Eglinoeg looked down upon the death-like face, and there came to him with a bitter pang of remembrance the knowledge that never between this son of his and himself in the life of either had there passed one spoken word or friendly glance. He saw the pale, set features, the cage come swinging down the shaft, and the body of the rescued man placed in it. He heard the cheers of the crowd ringing around the top of the pit in clamorous joy at the first evidence of success from below. Then Eglinoeg turned, and with a sudden loud cry, which echoed around the dark vault, returned again into the darkness.

A groan like a sound of anger rose from the crowd of miners as they saw what he had done and listened to the noise of his desperate footsteps. Their sound grew faint in the distance and at last abruptly ceased. The men avoided each other's eyes in the faint light, and no one spoke. This time they waited without hope.

Slowly the ventilating fans overcame the smoke, driving a portion of it up the shaft and dispersing the remainder in thin vapor among the other passages of the mine. After another hour of suspense the rescuers were able to penetrate into the passage where the explosion had occurred. They had passed for some way through the murky and maddening atmosphere before they stumbled on the body of a man, whom they easily recognized, lying upon his face, with his arms stretched out in front of him. A little farther a woman lay, her head on the mine, as if she had fallen asleep. So close were they together that the outstretched fingers of the man almost touched the skirt of the woman's dress. Yet Elsie could not have known of the loyal attempt to rescue her, for in that state of stupefaction she must have died long before Eglinoeg had struggled to her feet.



THEY STUMBLED ON THE BODY OF A MAN. When a few days afterward the burial of the victims of the explosion took place in the churchyard of Sainton, Elsie and her son—for rescue to him as to her had come too late—were placed in one grave. But Eglinoeg, the bard, had a grander funeral, and of those who crowded to it from the surrounding villages many stood upward in groups in the churchyard of Sainton, repeating to each other how great his life had been, and what a colossal sacrifice was made for him. Yet none of them understood as to the one or the other—quite how he had lived or why he had died.—Exchange.

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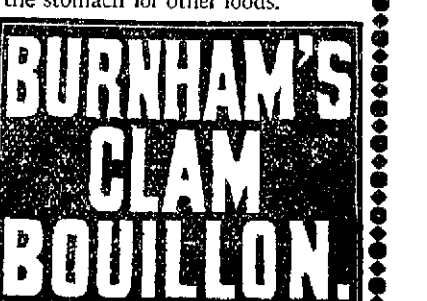
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The above is a picture of our greatest African explorer, and it can be traced the form of two wild animals. Any one can readily see the face of the explorer, but it is difficult to distinguish the animals.

The proprietors of STANLEY'S PRIZE MEDICINE have given an elegant UPRIGHT PIANO, valued at \$500, to the first person who can make out the elephant and giraffe, to the second person who will give \$1000 in gold, to the third person who will give \$500 in gold, to the fourth person who will give \$250 in gold, to the fifth person who will give \$125 in gold, to the sixth person who will give \$62.50 in gold, to the seventh person who will give \$31.25 in gold, to the eighth person who will give \$15.62 in gold, to the ninth person who will give \$7.81 in gold, to the tenth person who will give \$3.90 in gold, to the eleventh person who will give \$1.95 in gold, to the twelfth person who will give \$0.97 in gold, to the thirteenth person who will give \$0.49 in gold, to the fourteenth person who will give \$0.24 in gold, to the fifteenth person who will give \$0.12 in gold, to the sixteenth person who will give \$0.06 in gold, to the seventeenth person who will give \$0.03 in gold, to the eighteenth person who will give \$0.01 in gold, to the nineteenth person who will give \$0.00 in gold, to the twentieth person who will give \$0.00 in gold.

Address: THE STANLEY MEDICINE CO., 388 Brush St., Detroit, Mich.

The person who solves the puzzle first will be awarded the best prize, and the others in order of merit. To the person sending the best solution will be given an elegant GOLD WATCH; to the second person who will give \$1000 in gold, to the third person who will give \$500 in gold, to the fourth person who will give \$250 in gold, to the fifth person who will give \$125 in gold, to the sixth person who will give \$62.50 in gold, to the seventh person who will give \$31.25 in gold, to the eighth person who will give \$15.62 in gold, to the ninth person who will give \$7.81 in gold, to the tenth person who will give \$3.90 in gold, to the eleventh person who will give \$1.95 in gold, to the twelfth person who will give \$0.97 in gold, to the thirteenth person who will give \$0.49 in gold, to the fourteenth person who will give \$0.24 in gold, to the fifteenth person who will give \$0.12 in gold, to the sixteenth person who will give \$0.06 in gold, to the seventeenth person who will give \$0.03 in gold, to the eighteenth person who will give \$0.01 in gold, to the nineteenth person who will give \$0.00 in gold, to the twentieth person who will give \$0.00 in gold.

Stanley Prize Medicine Co. DETROIT, MICH.







**THE INDEPENDENT**

WEEKLY PUBLISHED IN  
DAILY FOUNDING IN 1878

**THE INDEPENDENT COMPANY**  
PUBLISHED BY  
10 North Erie Street, - - - - - MARSHALL

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1893

The divinely appointed King William, who wants peace if he has to fight for it, thinks that he can get along without seeing our Chicago Fair.

SALT LAKE CITY, July 27.—The best Utah clips, which sold last year for 174 cents, and few buyers at 81 cents now.

The above is proof positive of the beauties of approaching free trade.

They are talking about running Allen Barnes for probate judge on the Republican ticket. It is no disrespect to anybody else to observe that if the Republican party wants a good looking man with a head full of brains, Allen Barnes fulfills the specifications.

Congressman Kirk is reported not to favor the admission of the Democratic territory of Arizona as a state, because it wants free silver, and yet it was but three short months ago that he was not in favor of the repeal of the Sherman law unless a substitute were provided.

They call our house of representatives a "bear garden," but it compares very favorably with the British house of commons in which Col. Sanderson got a black eye a few days ago, and Tim Healy a bruised face. One man was thrown down and another tumbled under a bench.

With a sound like that of the wall of a lost spirit the Steubenville Gazette says: "The fanatical shrieks of a few people should not misdirect the attention of the people from the fact that Governor McKinley is responsible for turning Steubenville down in favor of Stark county on the asylum question."

A Canal Fulton Democrat writes to the party organ that the new postmaster can read his commission, although it is printed in English, and that there is no saloon in the postoffice if the vicinity is busy. The information is cheering. It shows the extraordinary care being taken by Dr. Kirk to fill the office with competent men.

Ohio to be a political back seat last year. The country was not greatly interested in us, and we felt hurt by the inattention. This year the old Buckeye state will again set the pace for the Union. The nominally local election will be national in influence. Ohio, by reason of its candidate and the doctrines he represents, will be the first to announce whether or not it is satisfied with the change effected last fall.

There were something like 300 votes cast, all told, at the Democratic primary election, held in Massillon on Saturday, and brethren of the faith are beginning to inquire whether, after all, the convention plan of making nominations is not somewhat of a failure. The complaint is that a handful of ringsters really run things, and no doubt they do. Nominations directed by the people, however, are liable to the same manipulation. It is next to impossible to get out the vote. The difficulty is not so much with the system as with the men who run the system. The Democrats of Stark county, by constant attention to this sort of business have educated a breed of fellows in the idea that they have a divine right to run the machine, making politics their exclusive business. Their little-tattle is heard with grave attention, their organs speak of them as though they amounted to a hill of beans, and the real worth of the party is obscured behind their self assertiveness.

#### THE POPE ON LABOR.

The Pope has been engaged for some time on another encyclical on labor and has completed his work, although it has not been officially promulgated. As to strikes, he says they can only be justified as a means of defense, when an individual's interest is attacked. Never can it be justified as a collective arm of aggression. This position is strongly assumed, and is perhaps the most important declaration in the encyclical. Leo continues:

"The right of protecting the operative, whether in the factory or in the field, should be admitted. And for this purpose the maximum of labor, as well as the minimum of salary, should be fixed. The course of labor should be arranged, giving due attention to days of rest and abstention from labor. "Institutions should be founded and maintained for the sick, the old, the feeble, and for those who are unavoidably unemployed, while punishment should be meted out to the drones of society."

"Laws have been made almost universally for the protection of women and children laboring in factories and elsewhere, but in how many cases have those laws been enforced? Inspectors of work should be appointed everywhere where those duties should be to see that these laws are not infringed."

#### EXTRA SESSIONS OF CONGRESS.

Out of 118 sessions of congress since the formation of the government, eleven have been extra. John Adams assembled congress in 1799, after the expulsion of Minister Charles O. Pickens from France. Jefferson called congress together in 1803 to provide for the Louisiana purchase. He did it again in 1807 to have passed the embargo act. Madison ordered two extra sessions, one in 1811 to consider questions of foreign interference with our commerce, and then in 1814 to provide means for carrying on the war. Financial troubles compelled Martin Van Buren and William Henry Harrison to order special sessions. Pierce called congress once and Hayes did so twice to secure appropriations necessary to keep the government going, and Lincoln called it together in 1861 saying:

"On account of the opposition to the laws of the United States and the execution placed in the way of their execution in certain Southern states, caused by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings or by the powers vested in the marshals by law, I hereby call congress to convene in extraordinary session, etc."

#### THAT RESOLUTION.

It is observable that there is an absence of specific declaration in the resolutions adopted by the Democratic county convention this year. We miss the old, old phrases about the robber tariff, there is a decided flop backward from the former love of silver, and about the only paragraph worth mentioning is the one in which it is resolved that:

"The present condition of the country is the result of Republican legislation that looked to favoring certain interests and certain individuals by crafty and cunning robbery schemes that plundered labor and honest business."

In view of the thirty years of prosperity followed by three months of adversity, immediately after the overthrow of Republican administration, the declaration above is upon its face remarkable. Unfortunately for the men who were nominated, the voters of this county, who are out of employment, will not, as heretofore, be willing to accept the unsupported Democratic word for it.

They will examine into the fact, and will discover in very short order, that wheels of industry in this country have been stopped because promised tariff changes point to the displacement of American manufactures by those of foreign production, and that foreign capital has been withdrawn from American enterprises because of fear for the stability of those enterprises. Added to this is the feeling of insecurity in the action of congress on financial questions, and the sum total of causes may be stated as the bad character of the Democratic party both at home and abroad.

#### "WE WANT MORE MONEY"

The impression is general, if not universal, that we need more money. As a proposition personal to ourselves we are all sure of it. Mr. Coxey thinks that is the present difficulty, and Senator Jones said in Saturday's INDEPENDENT:

"You personally know what is the matter in your case—you are short of money. I am short of money; Smith and Brown and Johnson and everybody else is short of money. We toil and sweat and struggle to get enough money to carry us through today, and we go to bed at night somewhat relieved because we have got through today, but in the morning we awake to find that we are again short of money, and have to go through the same agonizing experience again, and so on indefinitely. Now, I am one of those who hold that the government can make money out of anything."

That is what Senator Jones says, and this is what one of the smaller fry writes in a weekly paper:

"With nearly \$400,000,000 of silver dollars and bullion in the vaults of the treasury and one hundred millions of gold, kept there by no law or semblance of law, and the country suffering from a money famine, the administration might see how quickly trade would absorb this idle money if they would pay it out."

It will be observed that these chaps all say that we want more money, and that is the fault of government that we don't get it, but none of them explain how the thing is to be done. Possibly they think that Mr. Carlisle should stand on the treasury steps and toss it out to the clamoring multitude.

Now it ought to be plain as daylight that there are two honest ways to get more money—one is to borrow it, and the other way is to give labor or some form of exchange for it. There is plenty of money, and the volume of actual currency is unimportant compared with necessity of maintaining the measure of value, for 19 per cent. of all transactions are credit transactions anyway. There is plenty of money today, but it cannot be borrowed because confidence has been impaired, and those who would destroy the intrinsic value of money are striking another blow at confidence and simply delaying the day when money will be plenty.

The idea should be placed uppermost that if all the mints in the country should be operated night and day for the next ten years, you and I would have no more money, except as we worked for it, borrowed it, or bought it with some material product.

#### AFTER THE FAT OFFICES.

STARK COUNTY DEMOCRATS MEET IN CONVENTION.

Lamba Without Number Offer Themselves for the Sacrifice—Judge Young Receives the Coveted Nomination for Probate Judge—Details from the Battle Ground.

CANTON, Aug. 1.—The Stark county Democratic convention assembled in Schaefer's opera house this morning, with Frank Alexander and R. S. Hathaway, both of Canton, as temporary chairman and secretary, respectively. The usual committees were appointed, and the convention then adjourned until 1 o'clock.

The temporary organization was continued as permanent, and the routine reports were called for. The proper committees recommended twenty persons to act as delegates to the state convention among them, John McBride, W. K. L. Warwick, Peter Smith, Felix R. Shepley and H. B. Sibila.



OTTO E. YOUNG

Archibald McGregor read the resolutions which the fiery impetuosity of a yearling. The resolutions vigorously supported the administration, and then went on to say "That the words of the Democratic national platform over a year ago have been corroborated to a remarkable degree by recent experience, as may be seen by the following extracts: 'We denounce the Republican act as a cowardly makeshift, fraught with possibilities of danger in the future, which should make all its supporters, as well as its author, anxious for its repeal.' 'Resolved, That the present condition of the country is the result of Republican legislation that looked to favoring certain interests and certain individuals by craft and cunning robbery schemes that plundered labor and honest business.'"

The chair inquired what was to be done with the resolutions. "Have them passed and hang 'em up," cried a voice, and the resolutions were adopted.

It took an hour or more to complete the perfunctory work of the convention, in which nobody was interested, while an opera house full of people perished with heat and anxiety for the real work to begin.

Elmer Lilly, of Mt. Union, presented the name of O. E. Young, and John McBride seconded the nomination. Mr. McBride said that when Mr. Young was a small boy his father, in order to determine his future in life, locked him in a room with the bible, a one dollar bill and an apple. When, after reopening the room, should he find Otto reading the bible, he intended to make him a preacher. Should he be eating the apple, he expected to make him a farmer, and in case he found him contemplating the dollar he would make him a financier. In due time the door was unlocked and the future Judge Young was found seated upon the bible eating the apple and with the dollar in his pocket. So it was decided at once that his future career should be that of a politician.

Squire Oberlin endorsed Judge Young's honesty and his Democracy. He said he was like a piano—square, upright and grand.

When other nominations were called, a funeral silence followed. Candidate John Spooner arose and craved the indulgence of the convention. He said he wanted to run for probate judge himself, and that Austin Lynch, who was to have presented his name had not arrived, and the convention considerably waited.

Mr. Lynch arrived and finally succeeded in getting Mr. Spooner in nomination. The ballot was ordered and it was found that O. E. Young had received 108 votes and John H. Spooner 96. Mr. Young was declared the nominee of the convention.

Jacob Reigner drew his sword in favor of a "victim," said a happy creature being Benjamin F. Weybrock, who wants to go to the legislature again. A Paris township man moved that the nomination be made by acclamation, and John McBride advised the same thing as a rebuke to the powers of darkness, supposed to lie with the Republican party. In spite of energetic cries, "No," "no," Mr. Weybrock's nomination was effected by acclamation.

For the second place on the ticket for representative, Samuel Burgess, of Canton, received 112 votes on the first ballot, and was nominated over J. E. Bissonnette, of Canal Fulton, John G. Warwick, jr., of Elton, and Gottlieb Eicher, of Canton.

When the vote for treasurer was taken it resulted as follows: William Wagner, 110; Cyrus Stoner, 95. Mr. Wagner was thereupon declared nominated.

For sheriff Wm. Gentry received 106; and Amos Mase 93. After the nomination of Gentry for sheriff, interest in the convention began to flag. The vote for representatives resulted as follows: Burgess 112, Eicher 57, Bissonnette 21, Warwick 14.

She Was Struck by Lightning.

During the storm Monday afternoon, Adeline Storm was standing in an open doorway, at her home in Kracker street. While in this position she was struck by lightning, the result, however, being only to skin her forehead. Miss Storm felt ill all afternoon in consequence of the shock, but has now entirely recovered.

Subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT.

#### CLOSED THE DOORS.

As Akron Bank Suspends Business Temporarily.

AKRON, July 31.—The bank of the City of Akron and Loan Association of this city, closed its doors Saturday morning, at 10:30 o'clock. The constant withdrawal of deposits led to the result. The company called for a receiver and E. F. Voris, Esq., was appointed. The capital stock of the bank is \$100,000, with \$80,000 surplus. The bank is considered perfectly solvent and no depositor will lose a dollar. The closing of the doors of the bank has caused no surprise, especially among the banks. Receiver E. F. Voris stated Saturday evening that the liabilities of the association are: Due to banks, \$19,980.27; savings deposits, \$241,354.86; business deposits, \$88,236.41; certificates of deposits, \$214,396.67. The assets are \$692,396.67. Major E. Steinbacher, president of the bank, stated that the institution will pay dollar for dollar to depositors and that the bank is perfectly solvent.

#### ANOTHER AKRON BANK.

AKRON, July 31, 3:30 p. m.—The Akron Savings Bank has closed temporarily. Assets, \$1,173,634.38; liabilities, \$522,460.49. Will resume next Saturday or Monday.

#### Northern Ohio Crop Conditions.

For the week ending July 29th, the board of agriculture reports crop conditions for northern Ohio as follows: "The week has been warm and dry generally. A few local showers occurred in some localities, reviving the growth of crops, but at the close of week everything was suffering from drought. Except in a few localities wheat and hay have been all out, both being secured in fine condition, and the yield generally large. Oats are being cut in some places, but the harvest will not be general until about the 2d of proximo. Some localities report the crop good, but generally it is below the average, and very short. Potatoes and corn are needing rain, corn, however, has not suffered materially so far, but the potato crop has been considerably damaged, both from drought and bugs. Early potatoes are ripe, but the crop is very poor. Rye is all harvested. Grasshoppers are doing considerable damage to clover seed. Gardens are a wasteland. Apples, pears and peaches are very scarce and are in abundance. Blackberries have suffered considerably from the dry, warm weather, but, notwithstanding, the crop is reported to be quite large."

#### Will Send Them to the Fair.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will give its employees and their families a free trip to the World's Fair. The employees will be supplied with transportation on special trains and will be given a leave of absence of eight days with salary. The trains will be run on Saturdays, one leaving each week until each division from New York to Pittsburgh has been covered. The officials of the Pennsylvania Company operating the lines west of Pittsburgh have not yet made any move in a like direction, but it is highly probable that it will also grant the employees a trip to the Fair in the same manner.

#### Rainfall for July.

Superintendent Inman of the Water Company reports a total rainfall for the month of July amounting to 1.66 inches. From the 1st to the 31st the rainfall was 1.13 inches, there being .53 inches on the last day of the month. There was no rainfall for ten days, from the 16th to the 26th, and not enough to do any good from the 15th to the 29th, fourteen days. During the month of July, 1892, the rainfall amounted to 6.35 inches.

#### Death of Mrs. G. P. Reed.

Mrs. Harriet Butler Reed died on Saturday at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The body arrived in Massillon Wednesday at 3:59, and the funeral took place immediately. The cause of death is unknown. Mrs. Reed never lived in Massillon, but will be remembered as having married the late G. P. Reed, whose death occurred in New York on the day of his marriage. The body will be placed beside that of her husband.

#### Married by the Mayor.

Mayor Reed was preparing to retire on Saturday night at ten o'clock, when he was called down town to his office to unite in marriage David Keefe and Maggie Richards, both of whom reside northwest of the city. The father of the bride and a number of friends of the young couple were present to witness the ceremony.

#### Enumerators' Reports.

School Enumerator Louis Limbach makes his report of pupils of school age in the first and second wards for the year commencing July 19, 1892: Between the ages of 6 and 8, 419; 8 and 14, 715; 14 and 16, 232; 16 and 21, 524. The total number of males is 958, and females 925. This is an increase over last year of 200 pupils.

#### They Paid \$116,000.

Reed & Co. paid out for labor during the season recently ended at the Massillon glass works \$116,000. Work will be resumed in about a month, as usual, but with a somewhat curtailed force, owing to a lessened demand for bottles. Repair work has been in progress ever since the annual shut down.

#### Chasing the Pig.

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—Pork closed at \$19 yesterday and opened at \$18.75, then dropped to \$15.50 at 10 o'clock and ten minutes later to \$13.50. Later, from \$10 it rallied to \$11.50. Three leading firms have failed.

#### A Card of Thanks.

The undersigned wish to express their heartfelt thanks to all those who so kindly lent a helping hand during the sickness and death of our husband and uncle John Fiebert. We also want to thank the choir of St. John's Evangelical church, and especially the junior choir for their singing at church. Mrs. J. F. Fiebert, IDA FIEBERT.

#### COURT HOUSE AND CANTON

CANTON, July 29.—One hundred tickets were sold to Chicago on Canton Thursday, over the different roads that lead from this city, and yesterday's sales amounted to 200.

SOME WHEAT FIGURES

Stark county cuts some little figure as a wheat growing district, and in 1892 it produced 472 bushels per acre and in 1893 it produced 472 bushels per acre. It is estimated that in 1892 it produced 16,415 acres. The figures for 1892 have just been completed by the auditor and this is the way the record stands:

| Township    | Acres  | B. shels. |
|-------------|--------|-----------|
| Bethlehem   | 3,970  | 68,070    |
| Canton      | 2,794  | 40,990    |
| Jackson     | 2,872  | 48,903    |
| Lake        | 3,352  | 51,705    |
| Lawrence    | 1,024  | 58,281    |
| Lexington   | 1,389  | 17,366    |
| Marion      | 1,688  | 35,928    |
| Plain       | 3,734  | 67,686    |
| Pike        | 2,570  | 39,781    |
| Perry       | 4,551  | 65,920    |
| Paris       | 3,030  | 47,123    |
| Sandy       | 1,362  | 13,248    |
| Sugar Creek | 2,329  | 35,232    |
| Nimishillen | 3,670  | 56,478    |
| Osnaburg    | 3,027  | 47,518    |
| Tuscarawas  | 2,747  | 43,892    |
| Washington  | 2,426  | 39,501    |
| Total       | 46,415 | 785,472   |

The county commissioners say that the West Main street river bridge in Massillon must be remodeled, and they will act upon the matter as soon as possible.

#### REAL ESTATE TRANSFER.

Massillon, third ward, F. L. Hemperly to Louis Bauer, lot No. 1903, \$100.

CANTON, July 31.—The will of George Scheer, of Massillon, was filed for probate Saturday. Mr. Scheer bequeathed to his wife, Elizabeth Scheer, all real estate and personal property, providing she marries again she is to take her one third of the estate, the remaining two thirds to go to the other heirs. Two hundred dollars is to be paid to Mr. Scheer's nephew, George Worthen, and \$50 to Mary Burg-L. A stone not exceeding \$200 in cost is to be erected for the deceased in St. Mary's cemetery and Mrs. Elizabeth Scheer appointed executrix of the will.

#### SAYS SHE ABANDONED HIM.

Solon C. Thayer, late candidate for secretary of state on the People's party ticket, has petitioned the common pleas court for a divorce from Adella Thayer, whom he charges with abandonment.

The Concordia Society excursion to put in day, over the C. & S. road, which was to leave Canton yesterday morning, owing to a freight wreck on the north end of the line had to be postponed until next Sunday. Hundreds of disappointed people loitered about the depot the entire morning.

#### THEY WANT THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

A new baseball club will be organized in Canton, the object being to play the Alliance team a series of games for the championship of Stark county. The team will be termed the Cantons, and the players will be picked from the leading clubs in the city.

CANTON, August 1.—The only licenses granted for the sale of cigarettes in Stark county have been issued to J. A. Simmonds, of Canton, and Leonard Bammler, of Massillon.

The American Tobacco Company advises cigarette dealers to only take out the retail tax for the period from August 1st to December 20th, which amounts to \$35.86. It also advises not to pay the money until the license is marked "paid under protest" in red ink across the face. It is the belief of the company that the law will be repealed. In 1892 the American Tobacco Company manufactured 3,000,000 cigarettes, which represents 98 per cent. of the output of the country. Most of these were consumed in the United States, although many millions were exported to foreign countries.

#### HE NEVER SAID IT.

Mr. Duerber of Canton is indignant at the story that he suggested to a hard pressed idle workman that he might eat the poultry he wore on his hat last fall, and authorize the following: "I trust that it is not necessary for me to deny such stories as these. I never had such an interview. I never made a cruel statement of that kind. No person could regret the present condition of affairs more than I do. But it is not in my power to change them. I notice other factories are closing down. Such cruel things as that will not be believed I am sure, by those of our employes who know me best. No one can sympathize more with employes out of work than I do. I hope those times may change. No I am not taking any part in political matters these days. I find most business men find enough to attend to without being mixed up with politics. Now I do not interfere with the politics of any of our employes. That is something they must study out for themselves."

Fifty more men resumed work at the Duerber works this morning. The total number now employed is estimated at 275.

O. L. Lehman is spending the week in Chicago.

The inter-urban cars are running every twenty four minutes today, on account of the colored picnic which is being held at Meyer's lake.

The foundations for two dwelling houses have been commenced in Reed-urban. Work on the Baptist church will be commenced at once.

Samuel Wolf has commenced proceedings in court against Gilman Miller praying for judgment in the sum of \$664.92, alleged to be due on a promissory note given and signed by the defendant. Mong & McCarty are the attorneys for the plaintiff.

#### REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Massillon, first ward, George A. Kettering and wife to Clara Anne Shilling lot No. 944, \$1,600.

Lawrence township, George Reinhardt to Howell Williams, lots Nos. 58, 60, 61, \$450.

CANTON, August 2.—Judge McCarty has rendered his decision disposing of the \$5,000 of life insurance money of

## That Peculiar Lightness and Flavor

Noticed in the finest biscuit, rolls, cake, etc., is due to the absolute purity and the accurate combination of the ingredients of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER. The best things in cookery are always made and can be made only with the ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Hence its use is universal—in the most celebrated restaurants, in the homes of the people, wherever delicious, wholesome food is appreciated. Its sale equals that of all others combined.

**Made with the pure acid of the grape.**

#### GREAT BRITAIN'S FAVOR.

LONDON, August 2.—The decision in the Behring sea matter is expected in a fortnight. All points have been adjudicated in favor of Great Britain. The decision is unanimous except as to the seal fishers on the high seas, upon which the American commissioners dissent. The regulation covering close seasons are stringent and will discommodate the English more than the Americans.

#### Company Fat Chicago.

CAMP MCKINLEY August 2.—There is no sickness in camp, and less news. The blanket tossing fun has been stopped, as one of the boys was hurt because of it last night.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Harzell, of Canton, spent Sunday with their son, Lieutenant Harzell, of Company 1.

#### Mr. Edison's Opinion.

ORANGE, N. J., Aug. 1.—The Edison Phonograph Works have shut down. Mr. Edison makes the following statement:

"The phonograph works have been shut down because we have nearly completed all the orders on hand and the proprietor thereof, seeing that the country had resolved itself to a national lunatic asylum, decided to wait until the wave subsided somewhat."

[Signed] EDISON.

#### Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Massillon, August 1.

#### LADIES.

Davis, Catherine Wagner, Mrs. May Randall, Mrs. William

#### MEN.

Crozier, William Ryder, Mike Jones, A. Sherrill, A. Tronick, Ralph Lyons, W. L. Traylor, H. Massillon Art Co. Pinner, Mendel.

Persons calling for their unclaimed letters will please say advertised.

#### Archbishop Donnelly's Famus Toast.

"Here's health to all that we love, Here's health to all those who love us, That love those that love them, That love us."

Do you notice what a large circle this wish for health includes? and will you notice the reference is not to the wine cup, but to a standard medicine, the "Golden Medical Discovery," that can bring health to the large number of friends we each love. True, it is not a "beverage" and does not inebriate, but is a health giving medicine, a blood purifier, liver invigorator and general tonic—a remedy for biliousness, indigestion and stomach troubles. It cures consumption in its early stages, scrofula and throat diseases.

When I began using Ely's Cream Balm my catarrh was so bad I had headache the whole time and discharged a large amount of filthy matter. The discharge almost entirely disappeared and I have not had headache since. — J. H. Sommers, Stephney, Conn.

#### Why? Why is Strictly Pure White Lead the best paint?

Because it will outlast all other paints, give a handsome finish, better protection to the wood, and the first cost will be less. If Barytes and other adulterants of white lead are "just as good" as Strictly Pure White Lead, why are all the adulterated white leads always branded Pure, or

#### "Strictly Pure White Lead?"

This Barytes is a heavy white powder (ground stone), having the appearance of white lead, worthless as a paint, costing only about a cent a pound, and is only used to cheapen the mixture. What shoddy is to cloth, Barytes is to paint. Be careful to use only old and standard brands of white lead.

#### "Armstrong & McKelvey" "Beymer-Bauman" "Fahnestock" "Davis-Chambers"

are strictly pure, "Old Dutch" process brands, established by a lifetime of use. For colors use National Lead Co. Pure White Lead Tinting Colors with Strictly Pure White Lead.

For sale by the most reliable dealers in paint everywhere. If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

#### NATIONAL LEAD CO.,

1 Broadway, New York, Pittsburgh Branch, National Lead and Oil Co. of Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, Pa.



## LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Diphtheria is re-appearing at Smithville.

Fred Hookway has returned from Cleveland.

Joseph Bamberger is visiting friends in Cleveland.

Repair work is in progress on the Presbyterian church.

Miss Anna Smith, of Canton, is the guest of Miss Edith Reay.

R. J. Bullach is visiting his family in Massillon for a few days.

Henry Heintzen and family, of Canton, are visiting Massillon relatives.

Miss Jennie Dangler returned on Saturday from an extended visit in St. Paul.

Miss Violet Lomady has returned from Canal Dover, after a visit of two weeks.

The Misses Ethel and Mabel Carey are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Boyd, in Toledo.

Samuel Johns left this afternoon for Oakland, Md., where he will visit his parents.

Miss Ollie Weaver, of Canal Dover, is spending a few weeks with Massillon friends.

Miss E. L. Folger has returned from Toledo, where she attended the funeral of her niece.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Conrad and Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Albrecht are spending the day at Zoar.

Fred Walters and son Howard, of Mansfield, spent Sunday at the home of Wm. Fetzner.

John McIntosh is again able to be about after a several weeks illness of typhoid malaria.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wexel have moved to Lorain, where they will make their future home.

A. F. Conlon has returned from Corning, N. Y., where his family is spending the summer.

Mrs. Ranals Hardgrove and Miss Della Phillips, of Cambridge, are visiting friends in the city.

Z. T. Baltzy presented Enterprise Division U. R. C. of P. with a fine lodge bible this morning.

Mrs. E. Trafford Wright, of Pittsburgh, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Gallagher, in East Oak street.

Henry Ryder returned last night from a visit with his uncle, Henry Kitzmiller in Barr's Mills.

William Moke and son have returned from Canal Fulton, where they were visiting Mr. Moke's parents.

Chas. Upples, of New York, who has been visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Upples returned today.

Mr. and Mrs. Greeley Younger and daughter, of Columbus, are visiting at the residence of J. F. Snyder, in East Main street.

The C. L. & W. freight clerks have moved into their new office in the new warehouse. The office will be closed hereafter at 5 p. m.

Miss Amarda Courts, of Canton, and Miss Jennie Tulkener, of Ashland, are the guests of Misses Estella and Lillian Hess, in South Erie street.

The Misses Emma Frederick, of Winesburg, O., and Leonore Blaser, of Ada, O., are the guests of Miss Laura Brockel, in East Main street.

The state grand lodge of the Sons of St. George will hold its annual meeting in Massillon on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, August 15, 16 and 17.

The Christian Endeavor societies of the Presbyterian and Christian churches will unite in a praise meeting at the Christian church next Sunday evening.

During the month of August the Pennsylvania Company will sell tickets from Massillon to Chicago and re for \$12.50. The tickets will be good for return trip until August 31, inclusive.

Clement Gallatin's barn, three miles southwest of Massillon, was struck by lightning Monday afternoon, and was totally destroyed with its contents, including the season's crops. Partly insured.

Arrangements are being made for a large party, who expect to go into camp at Turkeyfoot the latter part of this week. The Burton, McLain, Hunt, Wales and other families will be represented.

The history of the Democratic convention would read different had J. H. Sponseller accepted ten votes that came knocking at his door. He did not suppose that he would need them, and J. O. E. Young was nominated.

J. S. Coxey started for Chicago on Tuesday, to attend the silver convention. Mr. Coxey may deliver a few extemporaneous remarks. He says that what we need is more money, and that the silver mine owners will lend it to us and then we'll feel easier.

Mary, the 4-month-old child of Mr. and Mrs. John Lavers, died at her parents' home, northwest of the city, Monday of cholera infantum. The funeral was held at 12 o'clock Wednesday from the house and the Rev. Jas. Lister will officiate. The burial will take place in the Massillon cemetery.

A coal miner discovered what he supposed was the presence of silver in the Muskingum county coal fields, but a test by jewelers discloses that it is either lead or zinc—they are unable to say which. The miner refuses to divulge where he discovered the metal and claims to have been offered \$1,000 to do so.

Many of Mr. Poole's Massillon friends had the pleasure of opening the following invitation today: "Mr. and Mrs. Porter Smith request your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Carrie Bartleson, to Edwin Alson Poole, Wednesday, August 9th, at 3 o'clock, p. m., 39 South Huron street, Wheeling Island, W. Va."

United States Deputy Marshal A. Ackerman, of Orrville, arrived in the

## CANTON VS. THE COUNTY.

THE RESULT OF THE DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY ELECTION.

Young and Mass Pool Their Issues and Capture the Massillon Delegation—Sponseller and Gentry do Likewise in Canton—The Convention to Meet Tomorrow.

The controlling issue of the Democratic primary election held throughout the county on Saturday, so far as Massillon is concerned, was to secure delegates loyal to Otto E. Young for probate judge and Amos Mase, of Navarre, for sheriff. From the general aspect of things, these two will enter the convention tomorrow, with a solid following from Massillon, a good support from the county at large, and a practically unbroken front of opposition at Canton, where the favorites are William Gentry for sheriff, and J. H. Sponseller for probate judge. Locally all candidates for places in the delegation were required to pledge themselves to Young and Mase, and when such pledges were refused, the candidates were turned down.

The vote polled at Massillon was unusually large, especially so in the fourth ward. The size of the vote indicates that the candidates from this end of the county have been working pretty hard to lead people to tomorrow's convention who will do their very best to secure for them the coveted nominations. The full vote as polled on Saturday is as follows:

**FIRST WARD.**

Precinct A (three to be elected in each precinct) Henry B. Sibila 8, John Shaffin 8, Frank Willenborg 8, Central committeeman, Henry B. Sibila.

Precinct B—Edward Royer 44, Gust Rhein 43, Joseph Donat 37, Godfrey Mause 35. Central committeeman, E. L. Royer.

**SECOND WARD.**

Precinct A (three to be elected in each precinct)—John Longheiser 29, Joseph Kettle 27, Will S. Mamonet 29, A. Dangelstein 3. Central committeeman, John Longheiser.

Precinct B—J. Peter Hollander 31, Joseph Ehret 24, W. B. Saifer 17, Philip Schunhafer 12, Tobias Schout 9. Central committeeman, J. P. Hollander.

**THIRD WARD.**

Three to be elected in precincts A and B and two in C.

Precinct A—Edward Fetzner, 41; Andrew Erle, 37; John Frageraser, 18; A. J. Paul, 41. Central committeeman, Edward Fetzner.

Precinct B—George Frantz, 21; Frank Hoch, 22; Frank Schwabach, 11; F. R. Williams, 12; Joe Schneider, 23; Valerius Heck, 21; Frank Holtzback, 1. Central committeeman, George Frantz.

Precinct C—John Miller, 19; George Wagner, 6; Chris Lucas, 18; H. Leany, 19. Central committeeman, Frank Schwabach.

**FOURTH WARD.**

Five to be elected. Peter Smith, 103; Julius Wittman, 87, 109; Frank Seller, 123; David Shaidnagle, 98; Sebastian Souhalfer, 85; Frank Rastetter, 81; A. B. Oberlin, 49; Frank Erle, 76. Central committeeman, Peter Smith.

**THE ELECTION IN CANTON.**

CANTON, July 31.—The Democratic primaries on Saturday occasioned no little general interest. In a total of sixty nine delegates elected in this city the Gentry men claim sixty two, leaving seven for Mase. Six of these came from the third ward and one from precinct C of the first ward. The returns were received at the Y. M. C. D. rooms and the hilarity of the club members and friends was quite pronounced as the records began to show everything coming their way. In one or two precincts the contest was close and exciting, but in most places it was a walk-away for the winners.

Candidate Amos Mase made a struggle for Canton delegates, and failed equally. It is alleged that Gentry's friends that \$700 was placed in Canton, on Saturday to be used to secure influence for Mase. The Gentry men are laughing in their sleeves today about the ease with which Mase's backers were worked for funds in Canton. Mase will only have 7 votes in Canton's 69. Sponseller's chances for the nomination for probate judge are favorably discussed and Stoner stands well for treasurer.

**THEY ELECTED A POSTMASTER.**

**NORTH LAWRENCE, July 31.**—Additional interest centered in the Democratic primary election here, on Saturday, as, by order of Congressman Kirk, an election for postmaster also took place. James Ryan received 56 votes, U. T. Dugues 3, and Henry Mullins 25. Ryan will be appointed.

**Will Have a Parade.**

The committees in charge of the Labor Day celebration have decided to invite all societies and organizations to participate in a parade, which is to take place in the morning. The Massillon Military band will lead the parade and will play during the day at the grove. The prizes which are to be offered this year will be unusually valuable. There will be three of Hess, Snyder & Co.'s stoves, a bedroom suite from Higder's furniture store, beside numerous other articles.

**Of Course It's a Woman.**

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks the world." The mother, sitting beside and rocking the cradle, often singing her sad lullaby, may be thus shaping as it were, the destinies of nations. But if his-ases, consequent on motherhood, have borne her down and sapped her life, how mournful will be her song. To cheer the mother, brighten her life, and brighten her son, Dr. Pierce's Buffalo, has, after long experience, compounded a remedy which he has called his Favorite Prescription, because ladies preferred it to all others. He guarantees it to cure nervousness, neuralgia pains, bearing down pains, irregularities, weakness or prolapsus, headache, backache, or any of the ailments of the female organs. What he asks is, that the ladies shall give it a fair trial, and satisfaction is assured. Money refunded if it doesn't give satisfaction.

To cure nervousness your nerves must be fed by pure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. Take it now.

## THE STATE COMMISSIONER.

He Comes to Town With the W. & L. E. Officials.

General Manager O. A. Wilson, Superintendent of Transportation F. J. Stout and Maintenance of Way O. H. Shackford, of the W. & L. E. Company, State Railway Commissioner William Kirkby and his chief clerk, E. H. Archer, of Columbus, and Inspector James McMillen, of Toledo, arrived in the city last evening in Manager Wilson's private car, and remained until this morning.

Commissioner Kirkby is making a thorough inspection of the roads throughout the state and is now at work on the W. & L. E. In a chat last night Mr. Kirkby stated that he was paying more attention to bridges this year, though any defect in the road bed will not escape his notice.

"I am pleased to say that I was surprised at the condition in which I find things in general on the W. & L. E. The company has made many improvements in the last two years and their tracks and bridges that I have inspected, thus far, are in perfect condition.

"When I have finished my inspection but they will be of a trifling nature, and I am safe in saying that the W. & L. E. is one of the most complete short lines in the state."

Commissioner Kirkby is one of the most competent railroad men in the state. He started when a boy to work on the section and has filled almost every position between that and his present appointment.

Railway Commissioner Kirkby consulted Mayor Reed about the W. & L. E. and O. L. & W. safety gates on Main and Tremont streets, last night, but nothing definite was accomplished. The commissioner stated that he had received several letters of complaint from residents in this city about the unsafe condition of the crossings, but on careful inspection he had found nothing wrong. "The gates," said Mr. Kirkby, "are the same as used everywhere and are, as far as I can ascertain, properly managed." Nothing came out of their conversation about a permanent night watchman and no complaint was made to that effect.

**Newman.**

Mr. and Mrs. John Lavers buried their 4-month-old child on Wednesday.

Our people are busy picking huckleberries at the Matthews swamp in millport.

Miss Melie Masters has gone to Youngstown for a two week's visit with her friend, Miss Georgia Pearce.

Miss Ella Gouchat, of Canton, and Miss Merrina Uniover, of Wooster, spent the past week at the Kennedy residence.

Richard Davis and family and Mrs. Jean Davis and family visited at the Williams residence, in Canal Fulton, on Sunday.

Miss Jennie Rowlands drove to Jura on Sunday to hear a lady preacher who recently arrived from the hills of South Wales.

**THE INDEPENDENT'S** World's Fair contest for the popular lady and mechanic of Massillon excites the people out here with interest, as all have their choice. We are surprised that James Cooney, now a resident of Massillon, is not receiving more attention as popular mechanic.

The K. of L. dance on Saturday evening was a success. The crowd was very large, and everything passed off quietly on the grounds, but we are informed that the driving to and from the grounds was shameful, and the parties should be arrested and taught a lesson. We learn that Abe Keller, of Massillon, has several of the perpetrators "on the string," and they should be punished.

John Proesser's frame building, located near the E. Wayne railroad and occupied by John W. Griffith and family, caught fire last Friday afternoon and burned to the ground, consuming all the household effects of Mr. Griffith. Just how the fire originated cannot be definitely stated. Some think a spark from a passing train set the building on fire, while others think it caught from the fire in the building.

**Canal Fulton.**

Prof. J. H. Focht, wife and daughter Dottie Miss Clara Stover, Odis Stover, Miss Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Rudy, and J. C. and George Lester are at "Camp Night Hawk" at Turkeyfoot. Wonderful exploits and big fish stories will soon be in order. The adjoining camp is Camp Cuckoo, occupied by Massillon parties.

Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Taggart and son Harold spent Sunday with Canal Fulton friends.

H. H. Robinson, Russell Robinson and S. M. Liggett returned from the White City Saturday evening. They give the usual report, "too short a time to see the biggest show on earth."

**Leader.**

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits use as a beverage or intoxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of Stomach, Liver or Kidneys.—It will cure Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and drive Malaria from the system. Satisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50c. per bottle. Sold by Z. T. Baltzy.

**Miles' Nerve & Liver Pills.**

Act on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new discovery. Dr. Miles' Pills speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles, constipation. Unequalled for men, women, children. Smaller, mildest, surest. 50 doses 25 cts. samples Free, at Z. T. Baltzy.

**Why Don't You**

Use Parks' Tea for headache constipation and "that tired feeling." It purifies the blood, beautifies the complexion, acts upon the sluggish liver and moves the bowels every day. Only herbs. Safe, sure and pleasant.

Harcourt Place Seminary, Gambler O., has inaugurated a course of study that is widely commended by distinguished educators as decidedly the best for the average girl. Send for the catalogue.

## NOBODY TO SAVE HER.

LITTLE LENA EUBERT BURNED TO A CRISP.

The Child Was Playing in a Field With a Lot of Matches—Her Clothing Caught Fire and Fatal Injuries Were Sustained.

Lena Eubert, the 6 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eubert, who reside on the Youngstown Hill road, about one and one-half miles north of this city, met with an accident at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon which resulted in death at midnight. The child had secured some matches, and was playing in a field back of the house. The matches ignited and set fire to the child's clothing. Her screams could not be heard by the parents in the dwelling, but several passers-by noticed the flames and ran to the child's rescue, but they were too late, however, to render any assistance beyond carrying the almost lifeless body into the house. The clothing had been entirely consumed by the flames and every portion of the child's body, with the exception of her face and one foot, was burned to crisp. Dr. A. A. Hall, the attending physician, did all that was possible to relieve the little one's suffering.

**THE EAGLE SCREAMED**

At the Big Emancipation Day Picnic, Yesterday.

The Emancipation Day picnic at Lakeview, Meyer's Lake, was a glittering social success, thanks to the indefatigable John Fields, John Allen and associates. There wasn't a colored man in Massillon probably, when that picnic was at its height, and all the surrounding cities sent delegations. Sixty came from Zanesville and Coshocton, and there were 300 more waiting to come, who were headed off by a misunderstanding as to rates.

There was a five inning base ball game, in which Massillon's throw was swallowed by Zanesville's Buckeye's, and a score of 5 to 2. Joe Wisdom pitched, and knocked out the other fellows like ten pins. Joseph followed up this victory by winning the foot race, over Smith, Heater and Emery. "Cubby" Wisdom and an unknown white boy wrestled, and "T. bby" won, after an exhibition of science from which Charley Mitchell could have taken points. There was music and dancing and everything else that should characterize a well regulated picnic. It was a great day, and a glorious tribute to Abraham Lincoln and to usant L'Overture.

**Are You Nervous.**

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect. 25 cents a box.

**Imitators and Impostors.**

The unequalled success of Alcock's Porous Plasters as an external remedy has induced unscrupulous parties to offer imitations, which they endeavor to sell on the reputation of Alcock's. It is absurdly to speak of them in the same category as the genuine porous plaster. Their pretensions are unfounded, their vaunted merit unsupported by facts, their alleged superiority to or equality with Alcock's a fair pretense.

The ablest medical practitioners and chemists and thousands of grateful patients unite in declaring Alcock's Porous Plasters the best external remedy ever produced.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for Alcock's and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

**All Run Down**

"A few years ago my health failed, and I consulted several physicians. Not one could clearly diagnose my case and their medicine failed to give relief. I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. From an all run down condition I have been restored to good health."

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**

Formerly I weighed 135 pounds, now I balance the scales at 170 pounds. Geo. W. Twist, Chas. W. Twist, Chas. W. Twist, Chas. W. Twist.

**Hood's Remedies are for sale by E. S. Craig**

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# LIVELY TIMES AHEAD

WHEN CONGRESS MEETS THERE WILL BE STRUGGLES FOR SEATS.

The Contests Will Precede All Other Questions—Cases Which Will Serve For Tests. A Case of Constitutional Power—"Keep Still and Saw Wood."

(Special Correspondence.)  
WASHINGTON, July 27.—The senate on the resumption of congress in special session will almost immediately re-emerge on the consideration of a question of the highest privilege—namely, the right of three of its members to their seats. The determination of this high-



SENATOR ALLEN.

est of all questions is a parliamentary body will precede silver, tariff and everything else. The house will have nine contests on its hands, but it is less jealous of its absolute integrity as a law making body than the senate, which is a continuous organism and will be content with reference of the contests to the committee on elections, which at its leisure will hear the contests and make report. In all the cases some time before final adjournment.

Regarding the contests, the house will plunge into debate over the silver question as soon as a bill can be reported from committee. What advantage there is in it is programmatic rather than legislative. Admittedly stronger in the popular branch of congress than in the upper body, the friends of repeal will be able to make their fight in the senate with the prestige of a large majority of the members of the house, comparatively fresh from the people, behind them as voting for repeal. Every little counts, as the miser millionaire said when he dropped a punched coin on the contribution plate, and the effect of a large, antislavery vote in the house will influence the senatorial vote, for there are a number of representatives ambitious of wearing the senatorial toga, and little birds have whispered the secret to some of the senators.

It will be quite a relief in the dog days of mid-August to go from the heated debates of the house over finances to the cool shades of the senate, where placid constitutional arguments will flow. The point involved in the senate contests is the right of the governor of a state to appoint a senator to fill a vacancy where the legislature has adjourned and failed to elect. The prolonged deadlock in the new states of Montana, Wyoming and Washington caused the question to be raised. Lee Mandle, a Republican editor, mine owner and free coinage advocate, holds the certificate from the governor of Montana as ex-senator Sanders' successor. The legislature is Democratic and Populist, but an old feud between Montana millionaires gave the Republican governor an opportunity to send a man of his own political faith.

Senator Allen in Washington ran up against a stiff combination in the legislature, and he being stubborn and the other fellows obstinate the legislature failed to elect. The governor gave the youthful looking senator a certificate as the state's senator until the legislature can reconvene and make up its mind. Mr. Allen is for repeal of the Sherman law. If the ladies could decide this question, he would remain by a very large majority. He is good looking, with a young, almost boyish face, in which the fresh blood raises pretty blishes and dimples. He ranks well as a lawyer and has enough cases in the supreme court to swell his senatorial income to respectable proportions.

A. C. Beckwith, Democrat, comes from Wyoming as a successor to Francis E. Warren, a Republican who drew the short term when Wyoming was admitted to statehood and managed in less than two years to make an unusually strong impression on senators as a man of vigor and ideas. Mr. Beckwith is inclined toward free coinage. He is a Wyoming pioneer, the richest man in the state and has large business interests which may lead him to favor some measure promising present relief to the financial straits.

The senate talked for some days at its special session in March on the constitutional power of appointment by the governor. The majority report of its committee on privileges and elections was favorable to the seating of the senators. There was a strong minority, however, led by Chairman Vance. Constitutional and not party lines marked the division of sentiment in the senate.

Mandle's case is the one on which the test will be made. The controlling spirit of the majority report is that the constitution contemplates that the senate shall be kept full—that is, constantly have two senators from each state—and that a vacancy exists—in which case the constitution gives the governor power to appoint—as much through failure to elect as through death. The minority hold that it is for the state to see that it sends senators and that a "vacancy" means an accidental happening. Dictionaries, history and law will be racked to define "vacancy" and "happen."

No grave question of constitutional law will control the nine contests in the house. The constitution may figure inferentially in some of the house contests, but primarily it will be who got

the most votes in the election and who has the most of them in the house. Third party men have instituted five of the nine contests. They may claw some, but they are not so visionary as to imagine they will win any of their contests.

The Populist contested seats are held by Democrats, except that Farmer Funt, Republican, of Kansas, will have to defend his title against H. L. Moore. There will be a lively time if Richard is himself again, and methinks he will be when Tom Watson of Georgia gets a chance to attack the claims of J. C. C. Black. On the face of the record Captain Black has only a little matter of 5,000 votes more than the brilliant, erratic Populist. Watson charges all manner of fraud and importation of voters from across the river in South Carolina as a part of a conspiracy to snuff him under. His experience has been just such as to stir this enthusiast, with a worn, wasted frame, sunken, restless eyes and great activity and energy, if not solidity, of brain. It will require lots of self control for the southerner to keep cool when Watson gets started, though the result of the contest is of course not debatable since Watson closed his own coffin lid in the house when he last winter gave currency to the phrase, "Where am I at?"

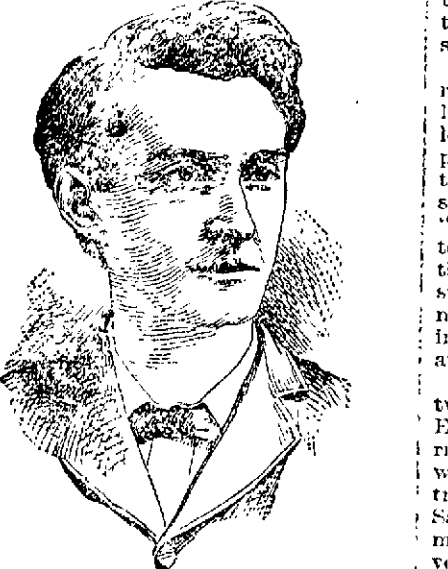
P. H. Thrasher, another Populist, will insist that the majority of 185 votes given B. A. Enloe of Tennessee, the pension office investigator, is more apparent than real.

J. F. Epes, a southern Virginia Democrat, has nearly 3,000 more returned votes than Populist J. T. Goode, who will contest before a Democratic house.

The other southern contest comes from North Carolina and is instituted by a Democrat, A. H. A. Williams, who will have to account for a shortage of 614 votes less than Thomas Settle, a brilliant Tar Heel Republican.

The noisiest contest will be that of John J. O'Neill, the St. Louis Labor Democrat, who is seeking to oust Charles F. Joy, a Republican, 67 votes ahead. In the California contest of W. B. English, Democrat, against S. G. Hilborn, Republican, there is a difference of only 83 votes, and in Illinois Robert A. Childs, Republican, was sent to congress with 20,872 votes against 20,835 for Lewis Stewart, Democrat, who is not a speaker, but will be represented on the floor by his "next friend," as the court records go, William M. Springer.

The list closes with an illustration of the wisdom of keeping quiet and saving wood. Representative Belknap, Republican, in Michigan was about George F. Richardson, his Democratic competitor, but fearful of fratricide against him demanded a recount, with the result that he lost more votes than Richardson, who holds the certificate of election by 10 votes. Belknap is one of the most versatile men in congress, a rich businessman, a good soldier, a brave man, as he



TOM WATSON OF GEORGIA.

demonstrated a few months ago in a railway accident, and a clever writer, as witness his bright newspaper sketch of the experiences of the congressional funeral party that buried the late Representative Kendal of Kentucky.

C. H. MERILLAT.

(Special Correspondence.)  
GILLETTE, N. J., July 27.—The other night two men were talking in the seat just in front of me on the train.

"I tell you, I'll be glad when I get home tonight," said the first, with great feeling.

"Are you tired out?" asked the second.

"Not much. I never felt better in my life."

"You haven't a lot of work to do that you ought to have done at the office, have you?"

"No, I have not."

"Suppose you are anxious to see your family?"

"Yes, that's one thing, and another is that we're going to have roast turkey stuffed with sausage meat. Isn't that enough to make a man love his home and want to get to it?"

"Well, I guess so," replied the second man, "but I'm glad to get home when I only have cooked beef and cabbage and pumpkin pie two inches thick. It ain't the food, old man. It's the home and its influence that are to be reckoned with."

"Now, I'd rather have pig's knuckle and apple dumplings as heavy as lead at home than terrapin and tutti frutti cream in a restaurant, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I guess yes."

"Of course you would. Now what do you think I'm going to have tonight?"

"Give it up."

"Fried clams and plum pudding."

"Only a happy home could make that combination a success," said the first man.

"That's just it. My home is so happy that I can make a sandwich of sponge cake and liver, and it melts in my mouth. It's so good. Gosh, how I'll make that pork knuckle and apple dumpling jump. Good night!"

And will ever get off to fly to his pork knuckle and apple dumpling feast, I back in his seat and dreamed of the roast turkey stuffed with sausage meat.

L. K. MURKIN.

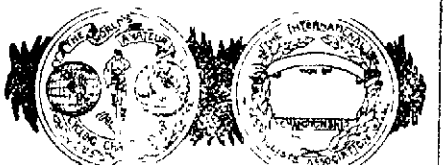
# CYCLISTS TO COMPETE

They Will Race For World's Honors at Chicago.

CHANCES OF VARIOUS CHAMPIONS

Riders Who Will Represent America, England, Germany, Scotland, Italy, Ireland, Canada, Austria and South Africa—Will Zimmerman Defeat Windle and Johnson?

The swiftest amateur bicyclists on the track today will contest for the \$1,000 Saltonstall trophy donated by Henry L. Saltonstall and representing the one mile championship of the world and for \$10,000 worth of other prizes at the World's fair cycling tournament in Chicago Aug. 5-12. The great wheeling carnival will open with the annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen and continue six days, after which two days will be devoted to the races of the International Cyclists' union.



INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP MEDAL.

There will be great rivalry between the American wheelmen for the world's championship in the international championship races, and as the United States possesses nearly a dozen of the most phenomenal riders in the world it is not probable that the foreign racers who compete will carry away many of the trophies. One of the most interesting features of the meet will be the contest for supremacy between the swift American riders, W. W. Windle, 2 minutes 23-15 seconds, mile champion of the world; A. A. Zimmerman, holder of numerous world's records; John S. Johnson, who is alleged to have covered a mile in 1 minute 53-35 seconds; H. C. Tyler, W. C. Sanger, G. L. Gary, G. F. Taylor, C. M. Murphy, George C. Barker, J. P. Bliss, L. D. Manger, George C. Smith and others. There would have been even greater interest in the outcome and not if G. Wheeler, P. J. Berlo and C. W. Donitz abandoned the amateur ranks for cash prize racing.

It is generally believed that the honors of the international meet will be carried off by either Zimmerman, Windle or Johnson, but Sanger, C. M. Murphy or some new man like Gary, the young Boston phenomenon, may prove a surprise party to local and foreign cracks alike. Zimmerman is the idol of most American wheelmen, and they confidently believe that he will defeat Johnson, Windle and all the visiting champions. Windle has a much better true record than Zimmerman, but Zimmerman is a confirmed, his superior in a hot contested race. In this respect Windle and horses are much alike. Many bicyclists show wonderful speed against the watch, but the excitement and lack of proper care, the confusion caused by the presence of numerous contestants and the difficulty of knowing when to start and how to get through a field of opponents ahead are factors that blight the chances of many a swift rider against time.

Zimmerman is thoroughly at home in a race. He is strong as a young Samson, tireless as a sandow, swift as the wind, Napoleonic as a truck general, plucky as pluck personified and as cheeky of Yankee "get there" as a Kansas cyclone. He is occasionally beaten, but always rides to win. "Why, Zimmerman wouldn't give away a race to his own brother if a leather medal were the prize" is the way one of his friends and swiftest opponents describes him. Zimmerman's one flaw is carelessness in training, and this fault, if any, will defeat him at Chicago.

Competition honors are about even between Zimmerman, Windle and Johnson. Each has been beaten on an "off day" by riders of far less reputation, but all three will be in good form at Chicago if careful training will bring about such a result. Sanger, the Milwaukee flyer, is also a formidable championship candidate. He is young, swift and ambitious and is growing faster every day. Gary, the 20-year-old Bay State crack, who leaped into fame by defeating such swift and seasoned riders as Johnson, Windle, Taylor, Tyler, Berlo, Tuttle, Bliss, Gibbons and Nelson, is a most promising dark horse among the amateur riders. A recent mile race at Detroit Gary raced from second with Johnson and outrode the "Western Cyclone" by fully a length.

Among the foreign wheelmen of note who may race at Chicago are A. W. Harris, the English wonder, August Lohr, the champion of Germany; William Friedrich, champion of Austria; L. S. McInties, the best cyclist in South Africa; J. McLaren of Scotland; A. Du Cros of Ireland; William Hyslop, Jr., the champion of Canada, and Luigi Cantu of Italy.

"Cleeve Lodge" is the title of a play in four acts which has been copyrighted by C. A. Ferguson.

Manager Wilkinson expects to arrange a tour of the large Russian cities for young Alexander Salvini for 1905 during his visit to the other side.

The Royal Bohemian National Opera company, when the Rosenfeld brother will bring from Prague, is said to comprise more than 180 people.

Stuart Robinson is not yet ready to give up the "Comedy of Errors" and will spend considerable money on it for the opening of the fall season.

Oscar Wilde's new play, which is being written for Garrick's theater and for Charles Frohman, will be ready in September.

Miss Ida Donnelly, a comedienne in "A Rancher From Cairo," is one of the possible stars of the coming season.

Dolly Noble will be Charles Dickens' leading lady. At the same time, a new "dramatic comedy" entitled "A Matter of the Bar" will be presented, with "Theog" as a substitute.

Adelina Patti is said to be worth \$25,000,000.

Sprinter Morris' Fast 100 Yards Run.

In a recent professional foot race at Goshen, Ind., T. L. Morris of Santa Ana, Cal., is credited with having run 100 yards in 9.45 seconds, equalling the world's record for the short race established in 1899 by John Owen, Jr. The previous amateur record of the United States was 10.15 seconds, set by Morris in a professional contest.

Han Wren, a professional runner, is said to have run 100 yards in 9.45 seconds, equalling the world's record.

It is said that the world's fastest runner, John Owen, Jr., is now in the United States.

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over 70 races in five years and holds all the long distance records of Austria.

A. W. Harris will probably represent England, but as the National Cyclists' union has branded Zimmerman as a professional, Harris cannot very well compete against him here and remain an amateur at home. Even if he races, Harris will not be dangerous unless his form is greatly improved. San or recently defeated him with ease at the English championship contests, and Windle, Johnson or Zimmerman could undoubtedly distance him. The fastest man in England is J. W. Schofield, but he has been declared a "maker's amateur" by the N. C. U. and cannot compete against amateurs. There are at least three American riders, however, who are his equals if not his superiors.

A. Du Cros, the Emerald Isle's representative, holds six Irish championships, rides like the wind and has no end of pluck and endurance. He has had 18 years of experience and has been famous at home and abroad for seven of them. It is believed that he will make a very good showing at Chicago.

J. M. McLaren, the Scotch champion, is a swift rider, but as Zimmerman easily defeated him at Glasgow, not long ago he is not looked upon as a dangerous championship candidate.

William Hyslop, Jr., holds the one and two mile championships of Canada, but is hardly in the same class as Zimmerman, Windle and Johnson. Luigi Cantu, the Italian champion, seems to possess endless endurance and rides well at all distances. He may make it interesting for Spoor, McInties and other long distance men at the World's fair tournament.

The races will be held on the three lap track specially constructed for the meet at the Chicago base-ball grounds. The events to be decided at the meet are the following:

Aug. 7.—One mile novice, half mile Illinois division championship, two mile, 550 class, half mile handicap, two mile Illinois division championship, one-third mile, open; five mile handicap (500 yards limit), one mile, open; Aug. 8.—Two-thirds mile handicap, one mile Illinois division championship, one mile, 500 class; two mile team race (three men each); quarter mile, open; five mile Illinois division championship, one mile handicap, two mile handicap race.

Aug. 9.—One mile novice, one mile handicap, quarter mile, open; two mile national championship, one-third mile, scratch; one mile ordinary, national championship, two mile handicap.

Aug. 10.—Half mile national championship, one mile scratch, open; two mile national championship, quarter mile, open; one mile handicap, one mile national championship, half mile, 500 class.

Aug. 11.—One mile novice, half mile handicap, one mile, 500 class; one mile international championship, half mile, open; three mile handicap (limit 100 yards), one-third mile, open; two mile team race international championship.

Aug. 12.—Sixty mile international championship, one mile handicap, quarter mile, open; two-thirds mile handicap, one mile international championship, two-thirds mile, open; one mile invitation, one mile consolation.

Handsome and valuable medals will be awarded to the successful contestants in the international championships. On one side of the medals will be a cyclist riding between two globes, representing the championship of the world. On the other side will be a wreath with a blank space for the name of the winner.

Charles I. Burdett, Connecticut lapidist of the L. A. W. and Howard E. Raymond of New York, occupy similar offices in the International Cyclists' union. Mr. Raymond is also the all powerful chairman of the L. A. W. racing board, the arbiter of every American amateur's fate.

EMILE H. EATON.

THE THEATRICAL WORLD.

Thomas W. Keene will introduce some original vocal and orchestral music in his revival of "The Peasants' Revolt" this fall. The new melodies have been composed by Anita Owen, a young Chicago girl.

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# THIS WILL INTEREST YOU.

He who knows how common it is to find defects in Eyes, and how deeply they affect at times the whole nervous system, will come to the sad conviction that an incredible number of people have been tormented with all sorts of remedies and given to painful anxiety, who might have found immediate relief and deliverance in suitable glasses, where the eyes have been examined and the lenses fitted by an experienced specialist. Eye strain causes more headache than all other causes combined. Remember that your sight may appear to be good, yet the delicate muscles of the eyes be weak and greatly strained.

Dr. Frederick W. Platt, Ohio's distinguished Specialist in Lenses, is making regular professional visits to this city, at Rudolph's Jewelry Store. His next date is

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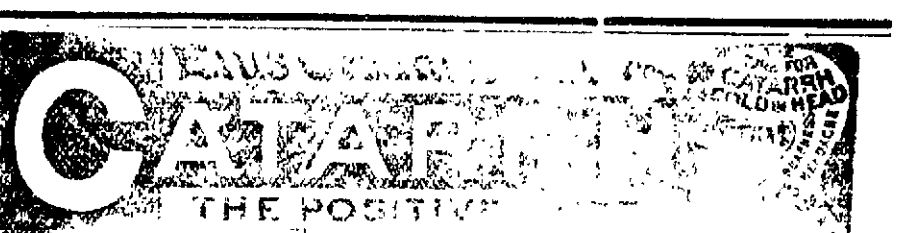
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# SPECIAL NOTICE TO YOU

Are you an invalid, or have you a friend or any member of your family breaking down or suffering day after day with a so-called incurable or chronic disease? If so do not fail to carefully read every line of this important notice, and consult, at your first opportunity, the greatest living Specialists, Physicians and Surgeons.

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Late of LONDON, ENGLAND, and PARIS, FRANCE, now of New York and Chicago, with Institute, Ohio, and Laboratories at Columbus and Newark, O., who have by special request arranged to visit this county and make return visits for one year or more.

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